

and Officer Jacob Chestnut, both members of the Capitol Security Force, who were killed in the line of fire on July 24, 1998.

Three years ago, both Gibson and Chestnut fell victim to one of the most horrific crimes in the Capitol building in recent years. Crazy gunman Russell Weston entered through what used to be known as the Document Door, now fittingly renamed the Memorial Door, and terrorized tourists, staffers, and eventually shot Gibson and Chestnut.

Detective Gibson and Officer Chestnut were identified as two 18-year veterans of the force. Both were married and had children.

This outbreak of violence caught everyone off guard and security measures quickly heightened. The latest add-ons to this new effort for increased security are completion of a new Capitol Police training facility and a pilot program that would allow Congressional Staffers to enter buildings with electronic I.Ds. Increased security has now become a high priority in the Capitol and has increased the safety of not only Capitol employees, but the thousands of tourists that visit this glorious structure year after year.

The Capitol Security Officers put their lives on the line day after day for the safety of not only the elected officials that work within the Capitol, but for the thousands of tourists that visit this glorious building year after year. Their dedications, hard-work, and courage have kept hundreds of thousands of people safe throughout the years.

Mr. Speaker, please join me in honoring the memory of two dedicated men, Detective John Gibson and Officer Jacob Chestnut, for their dedicated service to the Capitol and our country.

TRIBUTE TO BEN ALEXANDER, OF THE SAN BERNARDINO CITY FIRE DEPARTMENT

HON. JOE BACA

OF CALIFORNIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, August 1, 2001

Mr. BACA. Mr. Speaker, I rise to honor Ben Alexander, of the San Bernardino City Fire Department, for his selfless bravery in rescuing three fishermen, whose small boat was left adrift in the Pacific Ocean, buffeted by wind gales. Ben and his colleague, Isaac Horn, demonstrated courage and commitment and the highest duties of their profession, in their off-duty rescue of these individuals in need.

Ben and Isaac were filming whale sharks in October for a television series in Bahia de Los Angeles, a small fishing village about 400 miles south of the Mexican border, when they were approached by a woman frantic about fishermen who were lost. The fishing boat lacked an engine and had been swept in a wind tossed sea. Ben and Isaac searched for the boat in their 21-foot craft, while braving a heavy windstorm with winds reaching about 50 to 60 miles per hour.

When they spotted the fishing boat, it was in immediate peril, in danger of being swept onto the treacherous shores of an island. The boat was only 150 yards away from shore.

Using a 12-foot line, the firefighters were able to pull the boat to safety, in a courageous effort that took about an hour. In gratitude, the fishermen offered them money, but Ben and Isaac refused.

Mr. Speaker, Ben is a leading firefighter in our community. He has served as a firefighter/paramedic and a member of the tactical medical team. The team is part of a police SWAT team, which goes in armed to treat downed officers. Ben was instrumental in getting it started. His chosen occupation takes him to work in the busiest areas of the city. He is deeply committed to his work, and has a great sense of adventure, displaying a great attitude at all times, as well as an excellent sense of humor.

Ben's wife, Natalie, and his daughter, Taylor, are very proud of him as we honor him today.

Ben and Isaac's co-workers have nothing but praise for them, describing them as "dedicated," "great workers," "you couldn't find nicer people," "they do an excellent job." Their supervisors are equally laudatory, noting their deep commitment to help other people. It is not surprising that they would go out of their way to help someone when they are off duty.

Mr. Speaker, our fire fighters put themselves in harm's way, time and time again. They are the line of defense that keeps our communities safe. As a husband, father, and grandparent, I am proud to entrust the safety of my loved ones to such fine individuals. The heroism displayed in Bahia de Los Angeles is the highest example of a calling that

Mr. Speaker, many fire fighters toil anonymously, in a quiet and heroic manner. Their loved ones are faced with the prospect of a knock on the door, cap in hand, as they are informed that their spouse, brother, sister, son or daughter has made the ultimate sacrifice in protecting the public. Our firefighters jump into burning buildings, brave smoke and falling debris, make daring rescues, and save children. In honoring Ben, we honor all of his co-workers, the entire San Bernardino city fire department, indeed all firefighters. There are many other firefighters and public safety personnel who also labor day in and day out, putting themselves in harm's way. So in giving this honor, we are honoring them all.

And so, Mr. Speaker, we salute Ben Alexander, and those like him, who serve the public and keep our communities safe.

HONORING SCOTT PRESTIDGE

HON. MARK UDALL

OF COLORADO

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, August 1, 2001

Mr. UDALL of Colorado. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to both honor and thank Scott Prestidge. I first met Scott when he came to one of my town hall meetings. He approached a member of my staff with a resume and within a few weeks was working in my district office.

Scott graduated from the University of Colorado at Boulder with a degree in Political Science. He has been a caseworker in my Colorado office dealing primarily with the Department of Justice, Department of Defense, and the Small Business Administration. He

has demonstrated exceptional professionalism and knowledge in dealing with business, technology and veterans issues. His patience, understanding, and sense of humor have made him a great asset to my staff.

One of Scott's most meaningful accomplishments was helping me to obtain World War II medals for a woman whose husband died in the war. Her son had never met his father and was overjoyed at finally receiving the medals for his father's bravery and courage.

This is just one of the many examples of the excellent constituent services Scott has helped me provide to the people in my district. He has been invaluable in communicating with Spanish-speaking constituents and is always compassionate and understanding to those in need.

Scott is moving to Boston, Massachusetts to be with his wife, Abbey, while she attends graduate school. I wish them the best of luck in all their future endeavors.

TRIBUTE TO MY GRANDDAD

HON. SAM GRAVES

OF MISSOURI

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, August 1, 2001

Mr. GRAVES. Mr. Speaker, since I was a young boy, chasing more chickens than girls, I watched my granddad Wilferd and my dad, Samuel Graves Sr., account for loose parts on tractors, missing pieces on planters, and nearly anything else that needed fixing with a good, straight piece of baling wire. Every year, we would go down to Tarkio Pelleting, the local feed store, and buy a new bundle of baling wire. We all called it Number 9 wire, but it really wasn't. Number 9 is much heavier and doesn't bend so easily. As I got older, it didn't take long until I was using the baling wire on things of my own. The barn door to my show heifer, the fender on my first bicycle, and half my G.I. Joe Collection needed some mending of one sort or another. As a young man, I didn't think a thing about it. When I needed it, I used it.

Today when I walk around the farm, I still think of Granddad. His 1968 John Deere 4020 that he bought brand new still has baling wire holding the air cleaner on. Every where you look, baling wire holds something together on the old home place—the 1983 John Deere 6630 Sidehill Combine and even the new (well, relatively new) John Deere 7200 vacuum planter has its fair share of the trusty ol' wire keeping it together.

In life, only friendship can hold things together like a bundle of baling wire. As I think back on my good days, my bad days, the days when I was a proud father, and the days when I was a grandson mourning the loss of my granddad, there was always a friend there to comfort and share their concerns with me. Just like climbing onto the old 4020, I often have taken for granted that the baling wire will hold or that my friends will be there for me. I want to thank my friend, Scott Eckard, for being there for me when I needed him; and I want him to know that I am with him now—for whatever he needs from me. Granddad always told me that baling wire would even hold